RRR
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The Women/ Ladies/Girls/ Spoiled Brats of Mills

When President Mary Metz and the administration of upper class women-only Mills College made the mournful announcement that this venerable Oakland, California, institution would have to admit males, the reaction of the Mills undergraduates was recorded by TV for all posterity. Suffice it to say that they did not act like the responsible Women Leaders of tomorrow. On the contrary: they sobbed, cried, yelled, and set up such a *geschrei* that one would have thought that a third of their number had just been mowed down by assassins' bullets.

All tactics and strategies are permissible and valuable if they result in the victory of women over the MaleEnemy.

The Mills ladies then proceeded to unleash a rather genteel strike and campus takeover, which cunningly got them past final exams, and was treated with obvious sympathy by the Metz Administration, which only pointed out plaintively that the unwanted admission of males was mandated by stern financial necessity. But then, with blare of trumpets, the alumnae (cavalry) saved the day, rallying around with enough financial pledges and plans to stave off the dreaded day of male admissions for at least three years.

A few of the more astute observers thought they saw a double standard at work. In fact, there were at least two sets of double standards. The most obvious is the fact that after a decade of feminist battering at the alleged evils of all-male colleges ("sexism," segregation, discrimination, refusal to prepare females for adult careers, etc.) suddenly feminists have shifted gears to defend the glory, the importance, and the superior life-preparing education of single-sex female colleges.

When gently asked about this clear contradiction by Forrest Sawyer on *Nightline*, a Mills strike advocate could only answer with evasive gobbledegook. But there is another anomaly, too. For the partisans of an all-female Mills claim that women need the "nurturing, caring" environment that only an all-female atmosphere can give, free of the competition and aggressiveness of males. The problem here, clearly, is this: does feminism preach, as it has for decades, that there is no

(Cont. next page, col. 2)

THE EAR

An Austro-Kochian economist's ravings are finally explained by the revelation that he's a long-term, heavy-duty LSD user. "Hey, man, the walls are pulsating, the colors are dripping, the order is spontaneous!"

*****

Ear hears: "I am not a member of the LP for the very reasons stated in the *RRR*. The Texas LP is a microcosm of the national LP, stacked with the very same unproductive, jobless, shoeless, tieless, and—might I add—phoneless band of anti-religious, anti-business, anti-middleclass bigots that the *RRR* exposes. The male-dominated, glassy-eyed central committee in Austin spends its time protecting pimps, prostitutes, and child pornographers, and pontificating on local talk radio about the glories of the libertine cult, instead of nurturing the growing middle-class discontent with the state."

*****

Ear also hears from Paul Grant of Colorado, ex-national chairman of the Libertarian Party: "I quit the LP six years ago as a result of the embarrassing fiasco of the Bergland campaign. It was unprofessional and unethical. The market has spoken, the LP is dead, so move on."

(Cont. next page,col. 1)

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(THE EAR cont. from P.1)

Another ex-national chairman of the LP, Jim Turney—who recently served two terms—is getting more and more disgusted with the LP leadership, which he calls "Larry, Moe, and Curlette." Ear hears he will challenge Dave Walter in Chicago.

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A top Kochtopus enforcer is rumored to be *very* worried about his immune system.

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A wealthy member of the Reason Foundation board—a pioneering giant of the freedom movement—is quitting because "they're just too atheistical for me."

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The FEC has the same reporting requirements for a presidential nominating convention as for a political party, even if the convention is run by an outside group. But no reports were filed on the Seattle LP convention. That means *big* fines.

The next—and last—LP convention, to be held in Chicago in 1991, claims this doesn't apply to them because they're going to form a tax-exempt foundation. Fellas, a 501(c)3 has to be *non*-political; it can't host a political convention!

*****

Walter Williams says he won't run on the LP ticket because the party isn't "large enough or serious enough to support the kind of campaign I would be interested in running."

—**S.B.**

(MILLS cont. from P.1)

difference whatever (except the famed *le petit difference*) between the two sexes, that their capacities, traits, etc. are all equal, the same, or are they saying, as feminists have recently taken to arguing, that women are very different, that they are nurturing, caring, etc., and therefore superior to men? And how can they say both at the same time, or have it both ways?

These are cogent questions, but they have not penetrated to the heart of the feminist agenda. Here is how these seemingly embarrassing contradictions and double standards can be resolved: men are the evil, victimizer sex; women are the good, victimized sex. The two genders are ineluctable enemies. Therefore, all tactics and strategies are permissible and valuable if they result in the victory of women over the Male Enemy. Hence, attack one-sex colleges if they are male, proclaim their greatness if they are female. If you are talking about qualities such as career advancement, intelligence, success, proclaim women as exactly man's equal and denounce as "sexist" any intimation to the contrary; but if you are taking about such good things as nurturing, peace, etc., proclaim women's innate superiority. Don't worry about such "objective" qualities as fairness, logic, truth, or non-contradiction; remember, all's fair in...hate and war.

Epilogue: When President Metz proudly announced that the alumnae had come through (to the tune of happy shrieks, sobs and cries), she proclaimed that this passionate devotion to women's education had "made history." But the Mills Leaders of Tomorrow promptly "corrected" her, shouting back, "herstory." This is expensive, elite education in today's America? Hey, President Metz, do you believe that the Greek word *historia* means "his story"?

—**M.N.R.**

Guilt Sanctified

Earlier in this century, Left-Liberalism came to Americans preaching the alluring gospel of Liberation from Guilt. Americans, they boldly proclaimed, are repressed, inhibited, guilt-ridden for giving in to their natural desires and impulses. We come to preach you a joyous removal of guilt, hammered into you by repressed ministers and priests. We preach hedonism, the end of guilt, following your desires, and to put it in a common rebarbative phrase of the 1960s Sexual Revolution: "if it moves, fondle it." Sex, furthermore, is "only a drink of water," natural and harmless.

> Sex, we were told, is "only a drink of water."

The era of guiltlessness under our Left-Liberal culture lasted, as I remember, about six months. Now, the entire culture is characterized by massive collective guilt, and if anyone fails to give due public lip-service to a long list of solemnly avowed guilts, he is literally driven from public life.

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Guilt is everywhere, all-pervasive, and brought to us by the same scoundrels who once promised us easy liberation. A brief rundown: guilt for centuries of slavery, guilt for the oppression and rape of women, guilt for the Holocaust, guilt for the existence of the handicapped, guilt for eating and killing animals, guilt for being fat, guilt for not recycling your garbage, guilt for "desecrating the Earth."

Note that this guilt is never confined to the specific individuals, say, who enslaved or murdered or raped people. (There are, I dare say, very few enslavers left in America today—say a Southern slaveholder aged 150?) Effectiveness in inducing guilt comes precisely because the guilt is not specific but collective, extending throughout the world and apparently for all time.

In the old days, we reviled the Nazis for their doctrine of collective guilt; now we embrace the same Nazi concept as a vital feature of our ethical system. For confining guilt to specific criminals would not do, because it would not fit with what Joe Sobran has brilliantly called our doctrine of Accredited Victimology. Some groups are accorded the status of Official Victims; everyone not in the Victim groups, are, therefore, criminals and Official Victimizers. The Victimizers are expected to feel guilty about the victims, and therefore—because there is no point to guilt without a payoff—to pay through the nose in money, privileges, and "empowerment" forever and ever without end. Amen.

If anyone fails to give due public lip-service to a long list of solemnly avowed guilts, he is literally driven from public life.

There is never a way of getting out from under. And this is what our liberators have brought us. In return for old-fashioned Christianity and guilt about sex, they have brought us a new religion of Victimology and of the Goddess Nature. And even sex, the last bastion of hedonism, is no longer guilt-free; what with the onslaught of "sex exploits women," and ravening condomania in the interest of "safe sex," it might be better to scrap the whole thing and go back to Christian guilt. Certainly it would be simpler and more peaceful.

As in all other aspects of our rotten culture, the only way to save the day is to raise the banner high and engage in a frontal and all-out onslaught against the Left Guilt-inducers. In such an onslaught lies the only hope of taking back our lives and our culture from these malignant pests and tyrants.

—M.N.R.

LP Self-Destruction: The Lear Scandal

In the last couple of months, the Libertarian Party has careened downward, even more rapidly than usual, in its path of inexorable self-destruction.

The temptation of every ideological organization is to reverse means and ends: at first, the end is to spread the ideological gospel, and raising money is the means to attain that goal. But at some point, and this has happened to all too many libertarian organizations, the temptation takes over to make fundraising the only output, with the proclaimed, inflated goals only a means to extract more moolah from the deluded donors. As the Libertarian Party sinks in members, votes, and influence, the desperate ruling clique has frantically stepped up its fundraising to try to keep its salaries, creaky offices, and petty scams alive.

A recent scandal highlights this rapid degeneration: the nauseating fundraising strategy put into effect by Chairman David Walter; his Gemini Twin, "Assistant to the Chairman" Don Ernsberger; and Vice-Chairman Mary Gingell. Perry Willis, a Beloved Loser (Jonah) and pet of the Berglandista faction [who took over the national LP in alliance with Walter-Ernsberger in 1988], wrote the letter and Walter signed it, personalizing LP fundraising by engaging in heart-rending mourning about a specific Ameri-

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can soldier who died in the invasion of Panama.

The name of the dead soldier, Phillip Lear, was mentioned in the Walter letter, as were the names of his "real parents," Harold and Miriam, of Westminster, South Carolina, and his "real girl friend, Jeneice LaCross," of Tacoma, Washington. Unfortunately, these real people were not contacted. Willis then proceeded to blame the death of Lear and the anguish of his parents and girl friend on the Bush war against drugs and the invasion of Panama. The letter then asserted that the drug war was not something "for which Philip [sic, the name is Phillip] Lear would willingly have paid" the price of his life. And here, from his lofty perch of a priori historian, Walter declared that, "I don't need to have known him to give the answer."

Commandante Alan has waged a successful guerrilla war against the massed resentment and stonewalling of the ruling clique of the Libertarian Party.

It would be nice if Dave Walter had had the decency to try to find out. He should have been clued in by the fact that Phillip Lear was not a draftee, but a gung-ho Army Ranger who was all in favor of the war against drugs and the invasion of Panama. Of course, Lear should have been against these two actions, but after all it was his life, and not a life available to be "stolen" by the likes of a Dave Walter.

When Alan Lindsay, former NatCom member and former chairman of the Arkansas LP, found out about this scabrous fundraising letter, he made phone calls to Walter and the other guilty parties, urging them to apologize and to end such a fund-raising policy. Walter turned over the problem to his sidekick, Ernsberger, who in typically tactful style, told Lindsay that he would "have to get use [sic] to a Libertarian party that talks about the hurts, fears, and *hopes of real human beings*...like Phillip Lear." [Italics in the original.] "Our fundraising letters," Ernsberger went on, "are going to continue to talk about the most sensitive area of all interaction [sic] REAL HUMAN EMOTIONS AND REAL LIFE." [Capitals in the original.] After illustrating several possible fundraising letters, Ernsberger reiterated that "We are going to be dealing with real human issues and talking about real victims of the state," and "if you can't stand that...Too Bad!" And on the bottom, "No reply necessary...don't waste my time." A helluva way for an LP official (albeit appointed) to treat one of his *member-customers*!

On receiving this arrogant manifesto, Lindsay promptly embarked on a one-man crusade to bring the truth about the fundraising policies of Walter-Ernsberger to the LP members, to its donors, and to the American people—and specifically to alert the Lears and LaCross to the way their names have been misused by the LP for fundraising purposes. With competence and enthusiasm, he has been a veritable Commandante Alan in a successful guerrilla war against the massed resentment and stonewalling of the ruling clique of the Libertarian Party.

In a press release echoed in columns throughout the country, Lindsay asked, "Is there no decency left among libertarian fundraisers?" Lindsay added that "there was a real person named Phillip Lear.... He had his own philosophy. He was a person of real flesh and blood, blood he shed in defense of his country. He deserved to be treated as an individual, not as some straw man into whose mouth money grubbing politicians (of whatever party) may stuff words to suit their fundraising needs. Walter, lacking a corpse with a philosophy suited to the thesis of his letter, chose to strip a genuine human being of his history and his identity..., his very personhood...."

The Libertarian Party has not been able to get any media coverage for years. Upon the victory of Dave Walter at Philadelphia on Labor Day weekend 1989, the NatCom granted Tonie Nathan of Oregon (who had supported the Walter ticket at the convention) her long-cherished appointment as public relations director for $18,000 a year [a pittance, of course, for a real public relations person, but apparently munificent for Ms. Nathan.] And yet, the only publicity the LP has acquired in years has been the exuberantly negative reaction to the Walter/

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Lear crisis.

If the Walter-Gingell clique had had any smarts, they (in particular Chairman Walter, who signed the offending letter) would have apologized quickly and abjectly, and that would have been the end of it. But, typical of all scam merchants, they stonewalled and absolutely refused to apologize.

Media hammer blows began to rain on Walter & Co. P.J. Budahn, in the *Navy Times* (March 19) denounced Walter and the LP in a column entitled, "Surely there are limits when making a buck." The *Anderson (S.C.) Independent-Mail* (March 9) reported that Lear's father charged that the LP "are acting like a bunch of vultures," while Sgt. Major Victor Aviles, friend of Phillip Lear and liaison between the Army and the Lear family, denounced Walter: "I think it's very low down that somebody would capitalize on a family's tragedy. I'll be honest with you, if that letter is shown to the men in his [Lear's] unit, they might kneecap this guy."

Whenever good men begin to raise the cry of truth and justice, others will begin to flock to the cause. Fortunately for the Lindsay cause, Jeneice LaCross, the dead Phillip Lear's fiancee, turned out to be a highly intelligent, articulate young lady; instead of only being anguished at Walter's actions, Jeneice became fighting mad, joining the crusade. A meeting of the august LP NatCom was scheduled for the weekend of April 28-29 at Austin, Texas, and Jeneice determined to attend the meeting to demand an apology. Lindsay mobilized TV to film Jeneice's speech and the NatCom's reaction, while veterans groups and Rangers were alerted, and the Walter clique were fearful that these latter groups, not well known as pacifists, might express their rage on Walter's and Ernsberger's hides. [In the event, the Army and veterans' groups did not show.]

Jeniece LaCross sent an eloquent "To Whom It May Concern" letter on March 14 to Walter and his NatCom, stating that Phillip Lear "gave the ultimate sacrifice for his country and his people. I am torn apart by what these members of the National Libertarian Party have done.... I am devastated how a person or persons can rob an individual, be it my fiancee or any other person, of his dignity, values, beliefs, and loves. How can they tear a person apart who is unable to defend himself, and rebuild him to fit their needs to raise money. What have the people in this country come to when money is more important than a human being."

If the Walter-Gingell clique had had any smarts, they would have apologized quickly and abjectly.

She concluded that "I am devastated, crushed, torn apart and appalled knowing what one individual has done to [Lear's name]. I swore on Phillip's grave that I would carry his name with me forever, and that I would forever defend his honor. David K. Walter, Chairman of the National Libertarian Party, has exploited for his own benefit the name, honor, and memory of my finance, Army Airborne Ranger Specialist Phillip Scott Lear."

What was Walter's reply? A long-winded and smarmy reaffirmation that he had done nothing wrong, lecturing her about the Libertarian Party doctrine of nonintervention and drug freedom. Then, after irrelevantly going on about the right of the LP to free speech in opposing the Panama invasion, and whining about the threat of physical violence against him (a grisly note to someone whose loved one has just been killed), Walter asserted, in phony nobility, that he "will not be silenced," and that he stands by his letter and refuses to retract it.

In short, no apology from Walter, who also rejected Jeneice's suggestion that the LP give up the blood money [about $10,000] gained from the letter, and turn it over to a charity approved by the Lear family. Give up money—Hah!

Just before the NatCom meeting, Paul Harasim, in a front page column of the influential *Houston Post* (April 25), denounced the "unconscionable" act of David K. Walter, entitling his column, "Making a buck off a dead man."

The interesting thing about the Walter & Co. response to the rising chorus of horror about his letter is that they obviously did not, and still don't, have a clue about why this negative reaction was

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taking place. So far has the Libertarian Party lost touch with the American people. The idea that, given their mind set, the LP will ever become influential or win the hearts and minds of America is a grisly joke. 1976 LP Presidential candidate Roger Lea MacBride wrote in vain to David Walter (April 4) denouncing his "highly manipulative use of the tragic death of Phillip Lear," and added that "it seems to me an extraordinary example of one of the things the Party was founded not to do, use other persons without their consent."

As the pressure built up at Austin, the TV and press clamoring outside, and Jeniece LaCross denouncing them, a faction of the LP insisted that some apology be made. But Walter, the major culprit, did nothing. An LP press release of April 20 reiterated Walter's condolences and aggressive non-apology, saying that perhaps "his party should probably have contacted Lear's family" before using his name, but then retracted even that apologetic note by pointing out that the letter "circulated only" to Libertarians—Oho! A "secret" letter! But initially, Walter told Lindsay that "he would be unembarrassed even if it [the letter] were published in the *New York Times*." Walter almost got his wish.

The most interesting part of the Nathan press release was the end: "Walter has apologized for the behavior of a disgruntled former LP headquarters employee [Alan Lindsay] who exploited the situation by contacting Lear's family and the media." It was not a tactic calculated to impress the media, who, quite correctly, treated Lindsay as a hero. As Paul Harasim wrote in his column in the *Houston Post*: Alan Lindsay "got sick to his stomach when he found out what his political party had done. That's good to hear."

Mike Dunn concluded that "I am disgusted; the Party of Principle seems incapable of being a party of decency."

The only apology forthcoming to Jeniece LaCross after her appearance was signed not by Walter or by Gingell, who led the stonewalling forces on NatCom, but by Joe Dehn, Secretary of the LP. It was, however, a half-baked apology, which insisted, of course, on keeping the blood money raised by the monstrous Walter-Willis letter. Jeniece LaCross whipped back with a statement (April 29) rejecting the apology. "To be acceptable," she wrote, "your apology must be heartfelt and sincere, but as it stands this apology is incomplete." She added that to be accepted, any real apology must (1) bar such fundraising letters (as threatened by Ernsberger) in the future, (2) publish a rebuttal to the original letter in *LP News*, and (3) guarantee that the funds raised in Phillip Lear's name not be used to promote views contrary to those held by Phillip Lear. LaCross's statement received lengthy and favorable coverage in the *Austin American-Statesman*. Meanwhile, the formidable Michael J. Dunn, a Washington State systems analyst, and long-time Libertarian highly respected in the Party (he is, for example, Chairman of the Washington LP Judicial Committee), has joined the Lindsay-LaCross crusade. On April 10, Dunn wrote a highly effective letter denouncing the Walter-Ernsberger tactic and charging the LP with "the deceitful manipulation of a dead serviceman's reputation, and the exploitation of his family's and fiancee's grief, all for the sake of base pecuniary gain to the Party.... Are we so desperate for funds that we must stoop to such ghoulish methods?"

Dunn concluded that "I am disgusted; the Party of Principle seems incapable of being a party of decency." Finally, in a recent letter to National Director Nick Dunbar (May 13) Dunn thoroughly summarizes the entire affair, castigates the Walter policy as "hearse chasing," and denounced the evasions, untruths, and inconsistencies of the LP reaction to the entire affair. A particularly perceptive note: "For anyone associated with the normal human race [clearly not including the Party!], in which respect for the dead is taken for granted, the popular reaction has been predictably adverse to the Party...."

Ladies and gentlemen of the Libertarian Party and its ruling clique, the Lear-LaCross issue will not go away; it cannot, because you have not made restitution, you have not regretted your odious actions, and you continue to blame the truth-teller instead of yourselves. And this is only the beginning of the revelations of self-destruction that will put an end to this

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excrescence on the American body politic.

There are all sorts of possibilities. There is a strong possibility that Lindsay might run for President at the 1991 Chicago LP convention on an Abolitionist ticket—that is, dedicated to one mighty platform plank: immediate abolition and dissolution of the irredeemably corrupt Libertarian Party. It is also very possible that Jeniece LaCross who, ironically enough, turns out to be a great admirer of Libertarian principle and the Libertarian platform, might run for national chairwoman on the same Abolitionist ticket.

The fascinating thing is that such an Abolitionist race is a no-lose situation. For even if the Abolitionists lose the election, the Party, and the media so sought after by the LP, will have to listen to the Abolitionists at convention after convention, and so the entire LP will become a much deserved laughing-stock to the media and to the real world. What kind of a party is it where those within who call for its dissolution make enormous good sense?

The Libertarian Party is a walking corpse that lacks the good sense to lie down and disappear. Its burial rites are just around the corner.

(Those interested in finding out or even joining the LaCross crusade may send a check for $5 made out to Jeniece LaCross for all the clippings and correspondence, and more for any contributions they may wish to make to the crusade. Write and send checks to: Jeniece LaCross, 3335 Westminster Drive, S.E., Port Orchard, WA 98366.)

—M.N.R.

"You Are Now Entering..."

Ever feel like you're living in the *Twilight Zone*? I did, when the general secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics talked free-market economics. And he did it to American leftists.

At a luncheon in the Soviet Embassy, with guests like John Kenneth Galbraith, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, and Jesse Jackson, Mikhail Gorbachev praised America. This, reported the *Washington Times*, bothered the Hollywood types, who—all zillionaires, of course—denounced the "greed" of the "Reagan years" and other American atrocities. Gorbachev looked baffled, and an embarrassed Soviet aide later explained that Raisa had been "dying to meet some movie stars."

What the U.S.S.R. needs most, as economist Ludwig von Mises showed 70 years ago, is private property.

Then Gorbachev, appropriately enough for Washington, D.C., belittled the welfare mentality. "Those who do not work, who only are waiting for government handouts, yes, of course, it will be hard for them." Jesse Jackson almost choked on his caviar.

Soviet economists, said Gorbachev, must "twist their brains" to create a free-market economy. "The Soviet people" must overcome their "traditional perception of the market as exploitative." They must learn to live "without state subsidies." Americans, on the other hand, are blessed. They "know what a market is." They understand "all its intricacies," while "we are innocent, so to speak."

Now it was Galbraith's turn to look rattled. His whole life has been devoted to central planning, and here the top communist is preaching capitalism. It was almost too much for the rich Harvard professor to bear.

Not that Gorbachev's own record is what it ought to be. He is, in effect, seeking to cure a dying patient slowly rather than all at once. Thus he risks catastrophe. Given the nature of Soviet socialism, the reforms must be quick and all-encompassing.

What the U.S.S.R. needs most, as economist Ludwig von Mises showed 70 years ago, is private property. Land could be turned over to the peasants and factories to the workers, thus actually putting the old Leninist slogan into effect. Without private property, there can be no price system, and without a price system, the economy must be a poverty machine.

Gorbachev should also take Fed Governor Wayne Angell's advice and back the ruble with gold, making it one of the strongest currencies in the world. And

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he must resist the envy-driven calls for high taxes on new entrepreneurs. Taxes must be as close to zero as possible.

Gorbachev is apparently not ready for these kinds of radical reforms, but he's a lot closer to the truth than some of his guests, whose policies would create socialist misery in this country.

Now we need to get U.S. politicians to talk like Gorby. But, as Rod Serling would have appreciated, we are far more likely to hear these words in the Soviet Embassy than in the U.S. Congress. **—L.H.R.**

Posture, Children, Posture!

Are we being good little citizens? Apparently not, and *The Washington Post* and other liberal schoolmarms are rapping our knuckles over it.

We're naughty, says the *Post*, because too many of us don't fill out census forms, vote, or pay taxes—the "civic venues where the federal government asks its citizens to take part in the ongoing enterprise of public life." (Where do liberals learn to write like that? The Dukakis Memorial Journalism School?) More and more "Americans are declining the invitation," says the *Post*. Some invitation.

The feds are fretting because only 63% of American households have turned in their census forms, with passive resistance especially strong among middle-class Americans. Actually, they're lucky to get 63%. The census—racial classifications, sexual arrangements, the number of toilets in your house, etc.—is an outrageous invasion of privacy.

When George Washington conducted the first census in 1790, Americans evaded the bureaucrats at every turn. From reading their family Bible, everyone knew that when King David ordered Joab to "number ye the people" of Israel, God sent a pestilence as a punishment. And they were right to worry, for we have had visited upon us Washington, D.C.

Americans have simply concluded that the welfare state is a racket, and they don't want to participate.

As to voting, nearly two-thirds of eligible Americans will not bother to vote this fall. But who can blame them? Some stay away because, as the bumper sticker says, voting "only encourages them." But most Americans simply weigh the non-choices and do something more meaningful, like mow their lawns.

One political party favors big government; the other, bigger government. What's to choose? As Gordon Tullock says, we have a much greater chance of being killed on the way to the polls than of casting a vote that makes a difference, even as between Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum(ber).

Finally, the Treasury claims there's a "tax gap" of $100 billion, because 20% of taxes go unpaid. But how can they know? This computation has always impressed me as federal agitprop. Besides, whatever percentage they're getting is too much.

And even if their claim is true, who thinks he's getting his money's worth from the government? The "services" range from foreign aid to porno art. We get enough already, thank you. This is not "lack of citizenship." Americans have simply concluded that the welfare state is a racket, and they don't want to participate any more than they have to.

Liberal pollster Geoffrey Garin calls this the "mistaken ideology" that "you can love your country but hate your government." Yeah!

Good citizenship used to mean loving our heritage of freedom, not worshipping our rulers. Today, we're supposed to tell the feds whatever they want to know, hand over our wallets to be emptied, and legitimize it all on election day. No wonder so many Americans have had it.

"The federal government," says the *Post*, "asks its citizens to take part." But that's Newspeak. We are ordered, on pain of jail, to pay whatever the Congress wants to waste and steal; and ordered, on pain of fines, to reveal any intimate information the census demands. (Just when, by the way, did we become the federal government's citizens? Originally, it was supposed to be the other way around.)

Only voting is voluntary, but liberals are working on that. They

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want a fine for non-voters, just like Australia and the Soviet Union. It seems that in all areas, we're moving towards the Puritan-Leninist ideal: where everything is either mandatory or forbidden.

But we have it in our power to change things, since even tyrannical governments depend on the tacit consent of the governed. I'm convinced that as Americans begin to withhold that consent from unconstitutional and immoral D.C. ukases, the old idea of citizenship will revive, and the leviathan state, as in Eastern Europe, will have had its day.

The Washington Post will be upset, but Thomas Jefferson would be smiling.

—L.H.R.

Michael R. Milken: Political Prisoner

The Dom Perignon must be flowing in the boardrooms of New York: the feds finally got the kid from Encino.

To avoid a worse fate, Michael R. Milken agreed to say he was guilty of six regulatory offenses, manufactured transgressions typical of the Alice-in-Wonderland world of big government.

Crimes are supposed to have victims. But who exactly was harmed by the dread offense of "stock parking"?

Yet Milken will pay a $600 million fine and be sentenced to prison with other "white-collar criminals." After a years-long federal envy campaign, he felt he would be convicted by a *Bonfire of the Vanities* jury for being rich. But he kept his brother Lowell out of jail and avoided 28 years in a federal pen where rape is the major pursuit, and AIDS the normal blood condition.

David Rockefeller, said the *New York Times*, had been furious over Milken's earnings. They indicated "something unbalanced" in "our financial system." Indeed, when it comes to unbalancing the status quo that has served Rockefeller so well, Milken is guilty.

His entrepreneurial discovery was the use of high-yield bonds (called "junk" by his old-line competitors) to finance corporate takeovers. In the past, would-be raiders had to get financing from such big banks as Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan. This meant profits and control, both of which shrunk with the advent of Milken.

The Dom Perignon must be flowing in the boardrooms of New York: the feds finally got the kid from Encino.

In the reduced competition of a regulated economy, corporate managers tend to put their own interests before the stockholders. If an entrepreneur can get financing, he can take over the company—that is, buy it from its owners—and try to improve it. Everyone benefits, except the tossed-out managers.

Managers of big corporations, not surprisingly, hate and fear this process, and they lobbied to pass the Williams Act introduced by Harrison Williams (D-NJ), later convicted as a bribe taker. This law requires anyone buying more than 5% of a company's shares to stop and announce his intentions. This raises the price of the shares, as intended, making it far more expensive to acquire control. It also gives management time to erect barriers ("greenmail" and "poison pills") to thwart the will of stockholders who might want to sell.

The Williams Act and related regulations worked all too well. For more than a decade, there were few challenges to the ensconced managements of big companies, and U.S. competitiveness nosedived. But in the early eighties, a group of outsiders like Carl C. Icahn and T. Boone Pickens were able to challenge the system, thanks to Milken.

As the London *Financial Times* noted, this made Milken "enemies all over corporate America." Not surprisingly, said the *Washington Post*, since he was an "an adversary of Wall Street's leading investment firms and blue-chip corporations."

Milken was "the ultimate outsider," working 3,000 miles away in Drexel Burnham Lambert's Los Angeles office, said the *New York Times*, living a "relatively modest life" while donating "hundreds of

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millions of dollars to charity."

But didn't he make too much money? In a free market, such a question makes no sense. Milken single-handedly raised Drexel from a third-tier firm to one of the giants. It was happy to pay for the results, although it too has been destroyed in the government's anti-Milken vendetta, with thousands of people losing their jobs.

The humiliation of Michael Milken "will send the right message to the financial community," said Assistant Attorney General John Carroll. Exactly. Don't rock the boat. And don't threaten entrenched interests.

If we had a free-market Amnesty International, Michael Milken would be listed as a political prisoner of special-interest big government.

Richard Breeden, head of the SEC, says that Milken "stood at the center of a network of manipulation, fraud, and deceit." To me, that sounds like a good working definition of Washington, D.C.

—L.H.R.

Arts and Movies

by Mr. First Nighter

Cinema Paradiso, directed by Guiseppe Tornatore, with Philippe Noiret.

Long-time readers know that I am decidedly not a fan of foreign language movies: not because it is a chore to read subtitles, but because they are invariably horrible examples of aggressively avant-garde, anti-bourgeois cinema. Hating as "commercial" movies that appeal to the average moviegoer, the foreign movie-maker proclaims his superior esthetic sensibility by scorning interesting plot, tight writing and directing, meaningful dialogue, glamorous photography, or colorful settings. Instead, the typical foreign movie has zero plot, minimal dialogue, and wastes enormous amounts of time on close-ups of the brooding actors' gloomy faces, all seemingly photographed in the midst of some dark and dank box. The ineffable and pointless boredom of these motion pictures are apparently supposed to embody the alleged boredom of bourgeois life. In actuality, it is not life, but these infernal movies, that both embody and induce boredom.

The trouble, however, is not with foreigners per se. Italians and Frenchmen, for example, would rather and do spend their time watching *Dallas* and Clint Eastwood than waste their time and money watching their compatriots' crummy movies. Moreover, it was not always thus. Jean Renoir, the wonderful 1930s French movies featuring Raimu, and much of the modern work of Eric Rohmer demonstrate that the problem is not with the nationality or language, but with the depraved riffraff who make today's foreign movies.

But once is a while there comes a shining exception to the rule. In addition to granting *Driving Miss Daisy* its best picture award for 1989, the Motion Picture Academy gave its foreign-language movie Oscar to Guiseppe Tornatore's lovely, charming, funny and heart-warming (as well as heart-breaking) *Cinema Paradiso*. Disappearing fairly quickly from the screen the first time around, it came back in wake of the award. Go see it: it's the best foreign-language movie in many a year, and splendid in its own right.

Cinema Paradiso is a heartfelt autobiographical valentine by director and screen-writer Tornatore to the small town in Sicily in which he grew up during and after World War II. The movie is a rich tapestry of life in the Sicilian town, a town without cars or means of entertainment except the local cinema, where everyone crowds in to see the latest Italian or Hollywood product. The central character Salvatore, marvelously played for most of the film by a child actor, is fascinated by the life of the projectionist, the center of movie magic. The projectionist, Alfredo, magnificently played by the great French actor Philippe Noiret, reluctantly becomes a mentor to the boy, whose father has been killed in the war. The local priest views all the movies first, censoring out the—horrors!—kissing scenes, which Alfredo lovingly clips out and saves.

When, over a decade later, the movie theater burns down, a large shining new theater is built, funded by a Neapolitan who had just won the lottery. (As one local complains: "Those Northerners have all the luck!") In the new dispensation, the local priest no longer has censoring rights, and the local youth go bananas at the love scenes: "Kissing! After thirty years!" Loving the now grown boy, and blinded during the fire, Alfredo orders Salvatore to leave the stifling atmosphere of the Sicilian town, which has allowed him no real life and to go seek his life and fortune in Rome, never to look back.

The death of Alfredo, however, inexorably draws Salvatore, thirty years later and famous as a movie director in Rome, back to

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his home town for his funeral. He finds enormous change; the town, now packed with automobiles and TV sets, has no more use for the movie theater, which is being torn down for a parking lot. I won't give away the climactic discovery of Alfredo's carefully wrought final present for Salvatore, but suffice it to say that it's at least a two-handkerchief (decidedly non-avant-garde) ending. Don't miss it!

—M.N.R.

Washington Goes Berserk

You might well ask, so what else is new? Washington always runs amok. But the recent barrage from the great assault rifle on the Potomac mangles American business.

The Civil Rights Act of 1990. The Supreme Court, surprising everyone with a couple of good decisions, ruled that mere statistics do not constitute evidence of racial discrimination. Actual acts must be proven. Naturally, this set off a storm of outrage in the civil rights community. (Why, by the way, is everything terrible a "community" these days?) Unmentioned in the debate, of course, was the natural right to discriminate. By allowing the government to hamstring property rights in the name of a higher egalitarian morality, we have opened the way to any depredation.

The recent barrage from the great assault rifle on the Potomac mangles American business.

The new Civil Rights Act, which reverses those Supreme Court decisions, is but another step along the Procrustean road. Firms will now have to prove their innocence if their workforce, from executive suite to typing pool, isn't an exact reflection of the local population. Such minutia as the education, experience, and work habits of applicants are not considered relevant.

The law is intended to create quotas, which will further exacerbate racial hatreds. When white Americans see an Asian in a high corporate job, they assume he got it through ability and hard work. When they see a black in the same job, they assume he got it through official anti-white discrimination. The new civil rights law will ensure that this popular suspicion is more and more correct. It will also limit economic opportunities for the most vulnerable members of minorities.

Say that a computer firm is located in an area 50% black, but thanks to cultural factors, there aren't enough potential black employees to reach the 50% mark. Rather than face lawsuits and fines, the company will have an incentive to move to a white area, leaving most of its black employees behind. Thus—not coincidentally—another piece of federal legislation that enlarges the dependent class, and prepares the way for even more oppressive laws in the future designed to prevent corporations from moving without a civil-rights license.

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The Americans With Disabilities Act (ADA). The ADA is even worse. Employers must hire disabled people without taking into account how their disability affects job performance. The company must spend whatever is "reasonable," from hiring an extra employee to read to a blind lawyer to widening its corridors, installing elevators, and enlarging its bathrooms to accommodate an applicant in a wheelchair.

This law makes it much more expensive to hire the disabled. Until now, they could compete with the fully-abled by lowering their price. But no longer.

In a process similar to what has taken place with blacks through affirmative action, companies will have to have some disabled employees. So there will be increased demand for the most experienced and best educated, while more marginal disabled people will be forced out of the division of labor altogether.

This law will also undermine respect. Today, a disabled person who holds a responsible position inspires the rest of us. With this law, people will assume that his success is due to privilege. Over time, disabled persons may be resented. What could be worse? Perhaps only lumping the disabled, as this bill does, with alcoholics, drug addicts, and AIDS carriers.

The Clean Air Act. The Clean Air Act imposes vast new regulations on business to reduce "acid" rain. Yet even before the Industrial Revolution there was acidic rain in some areas of the country, as the government's own study showed. Acid rain is no more dangerous than its opposite, alkaline rain.

But eco-hysteria means that no one need demonstrate the supposed benefits of this law, let alone their relevance to its gargantuan costs, which could top $80 billion and five million eliminated jobs.

It's not enough that environmentalists can use a squirrel to stop an observatory in Arizona, or an owl to throw 10,000 loggers out of work in the Pacific Northwest, or a dolphin to bankrupt tuna fishermen. This bill could throw the entire economy into a recession.

A New Road to Power. These days, politicians gain more power over us not only through new spending programs like federal child care, but also through regulations, which have the additional benefit of saving our money for them to waste on something else. True to this vision, each one of these bills is a gigantic regulatory transfer of power from the private economy to the government.

We can never know how many businesses will not be started or expanded, how many jobs will not be created, what new goods or services will never be developed, or how much more we will pay for what we do get. But we can know that all of us not on the federal teat will be poorer.

While Czechoslovakia and Hungary try to imitate the laissez-faire greatness of an earlier America, the U.S. is aping Sweden.

What would Thomas Jefferson and the other Founding Fathers say? It's a symptom of the Washington disease that you are far more likely to hear that question in Prague or Budapest than on Capitol Hill.

— L.H.R.

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